

A PERSONAL FANTASY

By The Rev. H. Livesay

Those early days of September were not calculated to make a very conservative person enthusiastic about a new venture. It needs youthfulness to stake all on change, change of scene, of work, of friends, especially when the accepted order of existence was for the second time being threatened by forces or disorder and chaos.

London was being evacuated, and we were struggling to black out what was left of it. A study was shared by A.R.P. Wardens whose efficiency in inactivity left one limp.

Furniture removers, capable of the safe transportation of the art treasures of Italy to Piccadilly in the piping days of Peace, became paralysed when asked to move a few books which would disgrace the penny box in the Charing Cross Road. Those whose friendship I had valued for years were astonished that I could go to a spot from which everything was being taken root and branch and transplanted in more propitious soil. Their knowledge of the vulnerability of my new home could not have been surpassed by the most gullible of enemy agents. Was there not this factory, that air-depot, and the other naval base spoiling to be demolished by the terror that flieh by night and now perchance by day? Did I in my foolish old age not see that there would be no college, no students, no anything? that I was, in fact, not wanted? and my presence would only add to the difficulties and problems of an already perplexed local evacuating official?

Despite, I found I was going, I was approaching, I was in the Strong Country. That had always intrigued me; its meaning I never knew, its significance even upon more enlightened knowledge leaves me unslaked, but it has to me now an added significance, for I found a strong country where the black-out was not quite complete but the office of works was doing its best, the A.R.P. had not quite taken possession—we did better, we quietly took possession of it to our mutual advantage.

In seven short weeks Twenty-five years have been dropped from my shoulders. Then I left the peace and happiness of a quadrangle, now I return to the happiness and tranquillity of a quadrangle. The material buildings are a little less mellowed, the plumbing is something new, and the amenities of our civilisation are more evident; but it is the same place, the selfsame spirit permeates the body corporate. The old tradition of locked gate at 9 p.m., the relics of a probable mediaeval black-out, may have given place to the

unlocked gate of our modern black-out, but both are disciplines that become self-imposed; the locked gate kept us in, the unlocked gate serves the same purpose, for we prefer the companionship of our own society, not in any spirit of isolation from the clangour of a troublous world, but to fit ourselves to resist and eventually, with the knowledge and power we have gained, bring help to abate the clash and clamour of a restless universe.

There is nothing new under the sun; surely that is "x" ever ready to raise revolution for the rights of those whose faces are ground down by their unscrupulous neighbours; there is "y" whose inventive genius strives to make lighter the burden of existence; there is "z" whose poetry and song make glad the heart of man. The same problems the same discussions, the same games, the same humour, and above all, the same comradeship and friendliness. It is a strong country and naturally one is proud to have been admitted a share in its life.

Education is not merely an accumulation of information that is often merely bogus knowledge. Education is that which enables us to live life to our fullest capacity, and to enjoy it, and perhaps no where so perfectly can one obtain the foundations of a true education than in a place which possesses a residential life, in which we share the joys the troubles the experiences. It is there that we learn that unity is strength, that service to our fellows is more important than anything we may get out of life. All this may sound platitudinous, and the vapourings of what my London friends would call the years of my decrepitude. That may be as it may. I can only say that I know that the young generation amongst whom in these sad days I have come to make my home realise even more than my generation that horrors and hatred will not save a world or give it justification for its existence. It is only fellowship and comradeship that will produce justice and peace.

Once again a generation may have to experience something which I personally would rather that it had not; but it is facing it, perhaps even more nobly than those who left the quiet of their Alma Mater a quarter of a century ago, for it desires above everything, liberty and freedom and justice; it has a deeper wish to uphold the rights of the individual, and it wants a better world. It is true, as the small boy said, that an earthquake can turn up

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STUDENTS ABROAD

Re France

If you want historical considerations, and political reflections, you can go to your experts, as the sluggard goes to the ant. We cannot pretend to release any low-downs on high-brow topics; we do not even pretend to be methodical. All we can do is to hunt through an accumulation of impressions, select a few and refurbish them.

Dieppe, Le Havre, Calais—only the name is different. The boat docks in darkness; the big push begins—we have caught the contagion. We push—through the same enterprising pack of porters, past the same greasy brown complexes, beneath the fire of the same derisive, satirical accent, into the same long train. "Seconde," "troisième," difference this time in upholstery; "seconde", inferior tapestry, "troisième", hard leather or wood. Dirt is a great leveller, and smuts have no respect for class. For two or three hours we drowse to the metallic thud, thud, thud, then—Paris. And Paris at five in the morning, with the promise of hot coffee, real coffee, relieves the fatigue of the journey, and dispels the morning mists.

Paris—mecca of students borne there by the four winds (and very many live on air for the duration of their stay), where a year's study need cost no more, in actual fees, than two or three pounds, where books are less than expensive, where theses are expounded on every café terrace of the Quartier Latin, where lodging can be had for a few francs a day, and you can eat cheaply at any one of several thousand restaurants. Life cannot be dull—to stand, and stare, and listen, is an education in itself. On the boulevards, in the "Métro", in the public gardens, turn your head, and life confronts you. These people live furiously and superficially. They are unhampered by restraint, modesty, convention. They live naturally, and they have nothing to hide.

Montmartre, the Latin Quarter, Montparnasse, are open books, where you can select and study the subjects that interest you. You will find something for your mind, your body, your stomach, and the best for each. You will be met half-way in your every mood. You do not have to search. With open arms, Paris welcomes the student, the artist, the intellectual, the playboy, the pervers. You cannot live there

for long and retain your individuality. Once allow yourself to be swept into the current, and you cannot even be sure of retaining your equilibrium. Compare Piccadilly Circus and the Place de la Concorde: 20 m.p.h. and a low rumble on the one hand, 40 m.p.h. and a shrill scream on the other. That exactly typifies the "train de vie" to which a foreigner must accustom himself. And he does accustom himself almost inevitably.

Paris is the home of all the exiles, the place in all the world where they can let off steam. So their life is chaotic and tempestuous, and necessarily superficial. The Russian price snatches you up in his taxi, and whirls you across the city; the North African sells you rugs and bracelets and interesting pictures until your loose change gives out. The Opera district is an American colony; the Jews conduct big business on the Grands Boulevards. Chinese and Hungarian restaurants abound.

Yet all these nationalities are united in speech, thought, and action. They are not French, but they are Parisians.

To Paris comes the timorous provincial. He is amazed, he is awe-stricken. He does his best to enter into the spirit of the thing; he shows his wild out apologetically and departs in bewilderment. But he has contributed to the pageant. The swarthy southerner boasts of Marseilles and "bouillabaisse" in a musical accent; the Breton peasant-girl gives colour to the scene with her picturesque costume. Groups of colonials—, Africans, Orientals, West Indians, pass you in animated and unintelligible discussion, and you take them for granted. After a time, there is a great deal you take for granted, and you find "England's green and pleasant land" not only dull and uninteresting, but actually rather distasteful, when you eventually return there. Tea is insipid after wine.

But Paris is only half France, and England can wait. And so back once more to the train, to find more charming and talkative travelling-companions, and the customary quota of soot. Six or eight hours non-stop to the south-east and we are in Besançon. A few days, and the journey is forgotten, and we are absorbed by the life around us. We talk French, we talk English, but we have been here all our lives. The Vauban citadel is an old friend, the encircling limestone hills, familiar enemies, reminiscent of

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WESSEX NEWS

Tuesday, November 28th, 1939.

Offices:

STUDENTS' UNION, UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

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Editorial.

The War, which possibly is too often on our lips, has had at least one good effect insofar as it concerns the student body at Southampton. Many who would have continued their career in apathy towards student affairs which were maintained by a small body of active folk, were disturbed by the discovery that unless they bestirred themselves they would not be able to enjoy the usual amenities afforded by the Union. Consequently certain retiring students found themselves elevated to dignities which they would otherwise have shunned as beyond their powers; nor was it normal Union business in which they were called upon to interest them. This same War—as we know too well—had dislocated everything: the Commonrooms and Union Offices, or rather, their equipment, had vanished and it was only through the disinterestedness of individuals who shall be nameless, that we obtained commonrooms and Offices that were better than makeshifts. Now however, we regained two commonrooms, although one of them has the appearance of being in purdah; but perhaps the players of chess cherish this new-found seclusion? We are sure of a new Refectory—we yet shall miss the old—and there is a possibility of our obtaining new and complete Union buildings before the Duration has run its course.

How other fledgling officials are bearing up under the cares of offices they would now rather die than relinquish, we cannot say, we feel that in dying we shall relinquish a task whose magnitude we had not foreseen. It is not the sheer impossibility of obtaining copy that whittens our hair; that is a fate common to all editors; nor the assembling of the marshalled copy. It is the maintaining worthy tradition handed on to us by former editors, and especially by our immediate predecessor, Mr. Alec Holland. His loss to the student body in all its activities cannot be lightly dismissed, and we fear that this editorial staff of all the Talents will be unable to equal his abilities, judgement and co-ordination, save with the good will and constructive criticism of College.

Correspondence

OPEN LETTER FROM THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

The Christian Union wish to draw the attention of students and others in College to the activities planned for this term, and to extend a warm welcome to all who would care to join in.

We have now embarked on the scheme of holding Open Meetings each Thursday lunch hour; we hope to have a variety of able speakers. All in College, whatever their beliefs or opinions, are free to come and go as they please, without entailing any obligation to become members. We do not wish to give the impression that we are endeavouring to persuade people to join the Christian Union against their wish, as some appear to think.

Our object is to put before you the first principles of true Christianity and the difference that a real and living faith makes in the life and hence to show man's need of salvation which is obtained by personal acceptance of Christ as Saviour.

We hope that you will support these meetings, and feel at liberty to approach us and say whether or not you think that we have succeeded in our aim.

D. L. GRIFFITHS, Secretary.

To the Editor of Wessex News, Dear Sir,

Would you be good enough to insert the following notice in your paper?

"Owing to lack of support the Anglican Society of U.C.S. has been dissolved."

Yours faithfully,

L. C. J. Newman,

Hon. Sec.

Society Notes

Conservative Association.

On Thursday, November 16th, Major E. W. Dann addressed an open meeting of the Association on the subject "Why we are at War". He began by ably demonstrating the fiction of the so-called Aryan race—"blond Hitler, tall, truthful", Goebbels, slender Goering!" The re-emergence of Pan-Germanism was again threatening the integrity of small European states and this therefore had to be crushed. Hitler came to power at a time when a discontented Germany was looking for a leader, and France was weak with bewilderingly rapid changes of government, while Great Britain was engaged with the difficulties of economic depression.

When Neville Chamberlain came into power, he had to contend with the various attempts which had been made at disarmament. Major Dann said that until we were ready to strike it was important to pursue a cautious policy. By the Munich Agreement we were able to gain much valuable time which allowed us to put our defences on a sound basis. Now that we were at war,

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continued from page 1 column 2 more dirt in a second than a worm can in a lifetime, but the slow persistence of the less spectacular method may in the long run be better and more economical for all concerned.

In that is a parable for all of us who have the privilege of belonging to this society of the college—both resident and non-resident. Our life at times may seem slow and irksome; we want to get a move on and get on with the job; but in the long run we shall not regret the steady plodding. The old disciplines, they make us worthy of doing the job. It certainly is well worth doing and I am glad I am sharing with you in the doing of it. Let us quietly get on with the job.

continued from page 1 column 4, rambles, and footsore returns. Like them, the town they clasp is indifferent to our personal pleasures and grievances, and goes on living its life of humdrum commercialism.

At nine p.m. the streets are empty, except for a few soldiers, who seem to prefer the impersonal coldness of unlit stone facades to the peopled coldness of their barracks. At midnight comes a slight hum, and five minutes' chatter as the cinemas empty. The Casino over the bridge and the cafes behind the Opera-house and Kursaal still retail their suggestive tangos and a few dancers still reel to the accompaniment of its vals-musette. But the crowd of listeners which packed the tables earlier in the evening has gone, leaving only splashes of beer on their tables, and peanut shells on the ground, for Frenchmen still succumb to the persistent peanut-boy with his scraping cry of "Cacahuettes." Now even the waiters are weary, as they answer the desultory orders of the few late-comers.

But students only tire with dawn: there is still time to pay a visit to the Students' Association. We climb the hill, scramble up the steps, knock up the proprietor, and the party begins. This is the students' prerogative. Tino Rossi or Ray Ventura on the radiogram, cheap drinks at the bar, ping-pong for non-dancers. The moon wanes, cocks crow, heavy lorries hoot their way to market, and the shutters of shops come down as we stumble upstairs to bed.

Not of course that we have missed anything. We have been up early and contemplated with awe the streams of water which cleanse every gutter. We have seen the hunter return at dawn with a brace of blackbirds. We have been shopping at the market with the earliest housewife, taken our pick of the grapes and peaches and tripped over the legs of scurrying school-children, boys in their short black smocks, girls in even shorter frocks. It is restful to sit on the inevitable cafe terrace and drink the inevitable coffee, to be in, yet not of, this morning bustle. For the tired student, it is even better to be in bed. As we think back on a year in a strange country, impression crowds upon impression. Murderous French rugby matches at the local "stade," the pink and pale blue "coiffures" at the Hairdressers' Ball. Intricate lectures on abstruse philosophical subjects in crowded halls merge with memories of a learners' antics on skis, and the songs sung by weary exponents of that sport as they return by coach from the snowfields along a road that seems to cling to the curves of a continual precipice. It is clear to us at any rate that the driver, like most of his compatriots, is a suicidal maniac. In those days we got up at five-thirty to catch the coach.

Snow and mountains lead us to thoughts of other mountains and their snows: the peaks of the Alps over the "Route Napoleon" near Grenoble. Grenoble, planned with the precision of the French, but almost Swiss in its cleanliness, un-French too in its road-signs and warnings, and their insistence on care and silence. Perhaps after all, it only exemplifies a transmutation of the peasant caution with money matters.

There is this peasant type to be met with throughout the country. He chatters in his favourite cafe in every village, in the wine-lands of Burgundy and the South, he watches the bulls and flamingoes in the Camargue, makes Gruyere in the Alps, and Camembert and cider in Normandy, cuts trees in the Jura, and wears stilts in the Landes. Small himself, with a tendency to the corpulent, his type besrides the whole country, and it is to him we say farewell in his superficial camouflage of a common porter's blouse.

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Round the College in Wartime

The Botany Department.

So far, Professor Mangham told our representative, the war has not directly touched the department. Numbers, we are pleased to report, are up fifty per cent. this season.

Only one course has had to be abandoned, the special course on garden science for teachers, as evacuation has made this difficult. All the other classes are continuing as usual, and Professor Mangham is giving an extension course on "Our Native Vegetation." To the research that is in progress, war has made no difference. Mr. Aron is making physiological studies of the strawberry plant, which is of particular interest with regard to the local industry. Mr. Lane is engaged in vicinal studies of a species of vicia, concerning himself more particularly with the transmission of hereditary characteristics; he is also working on the condition of germination of seeds of orchids.

The Forestry Commission has recently agreed to reserve an enclosure near Lyndhurst, so that College might undertake long-term investigations in woodland ecology. Owing largely to the petrol restrictions, progress in this investigation is likely to be retarded, but it is hoped to get preliminary survey made before the spring, and then to attack problems connected with the soils of the area, natural regeneration, and competition between species. For the full programme of work the co-operation of several departments will be required.

News! Dr. R. D. Gibbs, a student here who went down in 1925, and now Assistant Professor of Botany at McGill University, Montreal, was elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada last summer.

The Chemistry Department.

The worst blow that the war has dealt to the Chemical Department is that the erection of the much needed new buildings has had to be postponed. The plans for this were almost complete by the middle of August, and it had been hoped to commence the building early this session with the aim of having part, at least, of it in readiness for next session. It appears likely that chemists will have to make their present inadequate buildings serve their purpose some years longer.

Nevertheless, in respect of the numbers and keenness of the students, the Chemistry department is unusually flourishing. At the commencement of the term, there were no fewer than fourteen "special" chemists in the first year, a number nearly double the maximum for many years past. One, M. F. Parry, has since left to serve in the Navy as a sick-berth attendant, and others may be called up later. The accommodation in the senior teaching laboratory is once again

Round the College in Wartime

taxed to capacity. Another regrettable consequence of the war is that the daylight in the laboratories has had to be cut down to about one third of normal; we normally obtain most of our light from skylights; these have had to be permanently blacked out owing to the necessity of preventing any light showing when evening classes are in progress. The gloom after three weeks does not, however, seem nearly as oppressive as it did at first.

At present the teaching courses are all continuing as usual, except that a new course in Laundry Technology for evening students has been postponed. There are no research students; J. S. F. Gill, who would have remained for a second year's research, is now in an Officer Cadet Training unit and, owing to the war, no new research students have entered. Research by members of the staff is continuing as usual; but the department is in readiness at any moment to switch over its research activities to work of national importance. Most of the staff are also aiding the local A.R.P. organisation as gas detection officers, ready in the possible event of a gas attack on this district. N.K.A.

Chess Notes

Recently a weak College team drew with King Alfred's three all. Our opponents having survived a two mile cycle ride in the black-out were very unfortunate not to win. They played the better chess and did not make such gross blunders as some of our players.

Last Wednesday the "B" team defeated Cluniff-Owen by the wide margin of 4 to 1. All the games were well contested, except the first, which the College player won in smashing style.

The Club Tournament is progressing fairly satisfactorily, although not as many games as we would wish have been played. Honeyborne has a clear lead in the first class, but has still some very critical games to play. In the 2nd class Warne leads with three consecutive wins. There are no very close seconds.

Late Sports Results

Nethall Club.

U.C.S. 28. Exeter 13.
In spite of the slipperiness of the court and the ball, College managed to secure the lead in the first few minutes.

The game was rather slow and splashing, but College passing and intercepting was always superior to Exeter's. Thanks to Maggie, who did not seem able to miss the goal post, College secured a substantial lead by half-time, which was doubled in the second half.

The centre players did some excellent work and the defence was reliable. Mad was handicapped by the high posts but covered herself with glory by netting a magnificent free shot about half a minute before the final whistle.

OTHER RESULTS.

U.C.S. 21. Brockenhurst 11.
U.C.S. 15. Pirelli 11.

Cross Country Club.

Triangular with R.A.F. Calshot and Southampton A.C. U.C.S. 36
Southampton 44. R.A.F. Calshot 50.

Rugger Club.

1st XV v. Worthy Down, won 6.0
2nd XV v. Folland Aircraft w. 9.0

Soccer Club Results.

1st XI v. Portsmouth Municipal College won 7.1.
2nd XI v. Swathling lost 0.8.

Men's Hockey Club Result.

v. Wessex lost 2.6.

Woman's Hockey Club Result.

v. Old Isotonians won 6.4.

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it was our intention to fight until Europe had been liberated from the continual menace of German aggression. This was the principal justification for prosecuting the war with all the forces we could muster, but contrary to 1914, we did not intend at this stage to make rash and specific promises. Major Dann ended by saying that it was the things of the spirit for which we were fighting, and that in the long run, the right would prevail as it always had done in the past.

Urgent! Urgent!! Urgent!!!

Subscriptions needed to help a good cause. Are 43 budding champions to be consigned to eternal oblivion because of a lack of equipment? *Highfield wants a ping-pong table.* Any big-hearted subscribers who would like to assist this worthy cause, please communicate with the Secretary, J.C.R. Committee, Highfield Hall. Even a Dart-Board would be welcome.

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SPORTS

ONLY TRY FOILS THE RUGGER MATCH.

Heavy rain had made the pitch too heavy to admit a fast open game, finesse being sacrificed to force.

On winning the toss, Exeter elected to play up the slope. College tactics, however, were faulty since judicious kicks to touch are more advantageous than abortive passing movements with a greasy ball. At least two tries, however, were lost through bad luck.

Half-time came without score and College, who were now feeling the effects of their long coach journey (!), had to face the unpleasant prospect of playing uphill. Yet as a result of magnificent forward work and resolute "spotting" tactics by the backs, Exeter were able to make little headway. Except for one momentary lapse when the home team scored after a clever cut through from a scrum on the College "25", our defence was most encouraging.

Perhaps the highlights of the match were the fine play of the forwards, playing as a pack, and some sound work at the base of the scrum. College played throughout with fine spirit and may be deemed unfortunate to have lost by 3 points to nil.

2nd XV v. Churcher's College, won 27-0.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

v. Tyrell & Green's, won 5-3.

Playing against a cosmopolitan team, consisting mainly of members of previously defeated sides, College would have won by a larger margin. Vigorous play by Sager—at times reminiscent of a runaway tank—often spreadeagled the opponents' defence, but the advantages thus gained were seldom followed up. Team work between the inside forwards resulted in Chalk converting three passes.

v. K.A.C., Winchester, draw 2-2. Our opponents had improved considerably since our previous game: College sustained their first casualty of the season early in the game when Colenutt left the field with a damaged knee, in considerable pain and high dudgeon. College were 2-1 down shortly after the interval and, with a man short, strove hard to keep King Alfred's out and gain an equaliser. Eventually Sager managed to evade the sobering influence of a formidable right back and scored shortly before time. College did well to force a draw under these conditions.

SOCCER CLUB.

v. W.A.G.S., lost 3-2.

This game was marked, as seems to be the normal state of affairs this season, rather by consistent rainfall than outstanding football.

It was only after the College had become two goals down that

they were stirred into sufficient activity for Newland to score just before half-time.

More promise was shown in the second half, good movements being started in midfield by Windust and Wallace, but the forwards were curiously impotent near goal. Piggot, however, ultimately equalised the scores. The College were not destined to remain on terms for long: Smith, who had performed very well throughout, being unsighted, was beaten, following a corner on the right.

The College may consider themselves unfortunate not to have scored again, Magraw being adjudged offside when he netted a rebound from the goal-post. On the other hand the form displayed was far from satisfactory especially as they were playing again: only ten men.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

v. Exeter, lost 2-5.

In spite of unfavourable positions play was exciting and fast, and many quick attacks were made chiefly against the home goal. The College XI at the beginning showed a definite superiority, and had the shooting been accurate, might have at least forced a draw.

The second half opened well with a sudden rush by the College forwards, resulting in a goal to equalise the score at 2-2. Exeter then attacked and College defence weakened. The opposing left-wing and inner in particular proved troublesome and, breaking through repeatedly, scored three goals in quick succession.

Scorers: Hancock, Strugnell.

"A" XI v. Brockenhurst Country High School, won 5-2.

FENCING CLUB.

Foil U.C.S. 9, Deaneary 7. College beat Deaneary in a keenly contested match. The result is especially pleasing as the season seemed none too bright.

Particular mention must be made of Hawdon's 6 wins for College, two against Deaneary's Professional Coach.

Of the other members of the team there is little to say except that much practice is necessary to cultivate that speed of report and third phase fencing which is the hall-mark of the good foilist.

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB. Reading 48, U.C.S. 60, K.A.C. Winchester 63.

The club came second to Reading in the triangular against K.A.C., Winchester, and Reading University at Winchester. As usual a fast start was made. Dukes and Dyer being well to the fore, after about a mile they were joined by Wood and Armstrong and members of the other teams, there being a bunch of 12 runners in the lead all the way. Conditions along a very muddy path were

SPORTS—continued.

fully up to the expectations and hopes of one member of the team, but this did not spread out the runners very noticeably. Harder ran well, coming up several places in the latter half of the race, and Wood, running well, kept in the lead all the way. There was a close finish, the final positions being decided in the last half-mile downhill, the first 10 men finishing within 46 seconds. The positions of the College team were: Dyer 3, Wood 6, Harnden 9, Armstrong 10, Snellgrove 15, Dukes 17, Hamilton Martin 18, Grover 21.

RUGGER CLUB.

We are pleased to announce that the Rev. R. C. Rham has accepted the position of President of the Rugby Club. Always a keen supporter, he has shown active interest by his refereeing and coaching.

The New Union Buildings

We regret that we have been forestalled in announcing to College the very welcome news that not only are we to obtain the new Refectory, but that Council has decided to proceed immediately with the completion of the Union Buildings. The transference of the common rooms to the Union Block will free rooms in the existing buildings for educational purposes and would also enable accommodation in the huts to be provided for soldiers or airmen doing special training in Engineering.

Russell Hall Entertainment

The rain poured steadily outside; inside, rain pools nestled cunningly on the seats, causing the unwary to jump up with stricken expressions, but in spite of the generally damp atmosphere, Russell Hall presented, in a gaily decked Assembly Hall, an entertainment which was calculated to make us forget the weather. We must confess that All the Talent there displayed has for a long time been buried from public view. An excellent jazz-band, a love poet in the best T. S. Eliot style, an enthusiastic female amateur gardener—all these have at last come out into the open. The piece de resistance was an impromptu performance by our honoured trio, the President, Vice-President and Secretary of the Union, of a touching family drama. Charles and Polly showed unexpected parental qualities, and although Joe wasn't actually wearing a velvet suit with a lace collar, it was not difficult to picture him in the days when he was thus attired—a very convincing picture of young innocence. It was a pity that Monte had performed the same play at their entertainment last year, other wise we should still have nursed our illusions about the existence of Santa Claus. However, due honours must be accorded to Russell for a cheerful and lively entertainment.

Calendar

Tuesday, 28th November.
C.U. Business Meeting. Room 33. 1.20.
Wednesday, 29th November.
Chess Match.
Thursday, 30th November.
C.U. Open Meeting. Speaker: C. A. Green. 1.20.
O.T.C. 5.7 p.m. Assembly Hall
Friday, 1st December.
Biological Society Lecture by Dr. J. W. Jones of Zoo. Dept., U.C.S.: "Salmon." Botany Theatre, 5.30.
C.U. Missionary Study. Room 33. 2.10.
C.U. Open Meeting at Connaught Hall. Speaker: Rev. Edw. Greaves. 9.30.
Saturday, 2nd December.
Chess Club v. Winchester Gambit.
Sunday, 3rd December.
Collegiate Service at St. Mary's, South Stoneham. Preacher: The Rev. H. Livesey, M.A., Warden of Connaught Hall.
Cosmopolitan Club, Adyar Hall 4.30-6.30.
Friday, 8th December.
Biological and Geographical Societies joint meeting. Speaker: Prof. Brooks, of Cambridge: "Botanical Impressions of Australia and New Zealand." Botany Lecture Theatre. 5.30.
Sunday, 10th December.
Collegiate Service at St. Mary's, South Stoneham. Preacher: The Very Rev. the Dean of Winchester, Dr. F. G. Selwyn.

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Printed by Wm. Honnis & Son, Southampton, and published by the Students Council, University College, Southampton.